

THE LOOM OF LIFE.

All day, all night I can hear the jar
Of the loom of life, and near and far
It thrills with its deep and muffled sound,
And the tireless wheels go always round.

Bustle, ceaselessly goes the loom
In the light of day and the midnight gloom,
The wheels are turning early and late,
And the loom is wound in the warp of Fate.

Click! click! there's a thread of love we weave;
Click! click! another of wrong and sin;
What a checked thread this life will be
When we see it unrolled in eternity!

Time, with a face like a mystery,
And hands as busy as a loom,
Sits at the loom with the warp outspread,
To catch in its meshes each glancing thread.

Ah, sad-eyed weaver, the years are slow,
But each one is nearer the end, I know;
And some day the deep and muffled sound
God grant it may be love instead of sin.

We are spinners of wool for this life-weave day,
Do we furnish the weaver a thread each day?
It were better, then, oh, my friend, to spin
A beautiful thread than a thread of sin.

FASHION NOTES.

Large pigeons and parrots are seen on the new bonnets and hats.

Boots made from the same cloth as light suits are out of fashion.

The new costumes have elaborate pockets, and it seems possible that the days of leather bags are numbered.

The new corsage bouquet is a large single flower of any kind with its foliage. It is worn high on the left side.

The designs in new satin brocades are very large. The larger the flower the more expensive the material.

The new materials for combination costumes have exactly the coloring and designs seen on Japanese brocades.

New round hats are of fur beaver of the softest and finest kind. The best quality costs \$5 or \$6 for the bare hat.

Shirring is seen on nearly all the new dresses, on the waist and on the skirt, and even on the sleeves sometimes.

Imitation muslin lace is hand-painted in cashmere colors for winter wear, and imitation Chantilly is ornamented in the same way.

The newest ties and jabots are being made up of Breton point d'esprit lace, which also appears in millinery as a finish to silk strings.

A new lace pin represents a hound chasing a hare through tall grass and ferns. The design is worked out in filigree between two bars of burnished gold.

Old-fashioned sateen is seen in many of the lately imported costumes; but it will not find much favor here, as it is neither very handsome nor durable.

A novel absurdity is the hand-painted lace that is seen in late importations. It is in both black and white web, and is delicately tinted by hand painting.

A new lace, that comes in both black and white, is called point d'esprit, and bids fair to be a formidable rival to the Breton lace. It will be much used in millinery.

Satin has won the first place as a combination with velvet or brocade. It took a long time to establish its claims, but at last they have been acknowledged, and satin now occupies the place that gros grain held for so long.

A Souvenir.

In the year 1770 Madame Le Brun took Marie Antoinette's likeness for the first time, as the queen was then in all the brilliancy of her youth and beauty. The following is her own description of her features:

Marie Antoinette was tall, admirably proportioned, plump, her arms were lovely, she had small and perfectly shaped hands and feet. She walked better than any woman in France; her head very upright, with a majesty which denoted the sovereign in the midst of her court, without this majestic bearing detracting in the least from the sweetness and grace of her appearance. Her features were not regular, she inherited the long, narrow oval peculiar to the Austrian nation. Her eyes were not large, and almost blue in color; her expression was clear and soft; her nose was thin and pretty; her mouth was not large, although her lips were rather thick. The most remarkable thing about her face was the brilliancy of her complexion. I never saw anything like it, and brilliant it was the only word to express what it was; for her skin was so transparent that it allowed of no shadow. I never could obtain the freshness, the delicate tint of that charming face, which I never beheld in any other woman.

At first the imposing air of the queen intimidated me, but she spoke to me with so much goodness that her kind manner soon dissipated this impression. It was then I made the portrait which represents her dressed in a satin robe, with a large panier, holding a rose. As may be well believed, I preferred greatly to paint her without full toilette, and, above all, without a large panier.

As soon as her majesty heard I had a pretty voice she graciously gave me a sitting without making me sing with her several duets. As for her demeanor, it would be difficult to describe its affability and charm. I do not believe that Queen Marie Antoinette ever allowed an occasion to pass by without saying agreeable words to those who had the honor of approaching her, and the kindness which she always showed me is one of my most delightful souvenirs.

Great and Little Dinners.

(Mr. Brown's letter to his nephew.)

All dinners are good, from a shilling upward. The plate of boiled beef which Mary the neat-handed waitress brings, or which I bring you, in the Old Bailey—I say used; for ah me! I speak of years long past, when the cheeks of Mary were as blooming as the carrots which she brought up with the beef, and she may be a grandmother by this time, or a pallid ghost far out of the regions of beef and carrots to the grand banquet of this season—everything is good.

Why, then, do we of the middle classes persist in giving entertainments so costly and beyond our means? I own myself to being no better or worse than my confederates in this respect, and rush off to a confederate's sweets, etc., hire sham butlers and attendants; have a fellow going round the table with still and dry champagne, as if I knew his name and it was my custom to drink those wines every day of my life.

A man might give two dinners for one, according to the present pattern. Half your money is swallowed up in a desert, which I

(always grudge to see coming at the end of plenty. As people in former days refused to eat sugar, let us get up a society which shall decline to eat dessert and made dishes.)

What I most recommend, then, with all my power, is that dinners should be more simple, more frequent and composed of fewer persons. Ten is the utmost number that a man of moderate means should ever invite to his table. A man and woman may look as if they were glad to see 10 people, but in a great dinner they abdicate their position as host and hostess, are mere creatures in the hands of the sham butlers, sham footmen and confectioners' emissaries who crowd the room, and are guests at their own table. I have marked many a lady, watching with timid glances the large artificial major-domo, who officiates for that night only, and thought to myself, "Ah, my dear madam, how much happier might we all be if there were but half the splendor, half the made dishes and half the company assembled."

Properly considered, the quality of dinner is twice lost—it blesses him that gives and him that takes—a dinner with friendliness is the best of all friendly meetings—a pompous entertainment, where no love is, the least satisfactory.

IN THE ENDOWMENT HOUSE.

A Graphic Description of the Mormon Marriage Ceremony.

A Mormon while in England courted and won the affections of a young, beautiful and accomplished lady, a native of London.

The couple were engaged, but the Mormon kept delaying the marriage date, and finally declined to marry at all until the lady had visited Utah. Her love for the man was so strong that she followed him to America. Upon reaching Utah, to her horror, she found the man had already several wives. She at first declined to marry, but upon being promised by her future spouse that he would put away all other wives and hold her superior to all, she was induced to enter the endowment house, and after going through the many and complicated mysteries of this place, became perfectly disgusted with the Mormon sect and faith, and set to work to free herself from the terrible clutches which now held her. In due course of time she was rescued by legal process, but her enduring love for the Mormon again induced her to take up her abode with him. This time she was treated so cruelly that it was more than she could endure, and she abandoned her husband forever.

She now occupies a position on one of the Salt Lake papers. In court the lady testified to many of the mysteries of the endowment house, some of which may be related as follows:

DESCRIBING THE CEREMONY.

The endowment house ceremonies begin in the morning and last nearly all day. The candidate is placed in charge of an old lady who divests her of all her garments and gives her a new and peculiar garment which she is to wear all her life. It is never to be removed from her person except when necessity requires, and then a limb at a time may be uncovered. The candidate is then anointed with oil, and must listen to the recital of many scriptural expressions with Mormon interpretations. After numerous other ceremonies the candidate is introduced into a department which is divided by a canvas. Upon one side is the male candidate, on the other the female candidate. In the canvas there are two apertures sufficiently large to admit two pairs of arms. Through these holes, without seeing each other, the two candidates embrace, after which the canvas is withdrawn, and the man, who heretofore had been scantily clothed, is invested with a mantle. A circle is then formed of men, encircled by women on the outside. During the ceremonies terrible oaths are administered and have as a penalty for violation—death. The lady receives a name from her husband which she is never to divulge.

After all these ceremonies a performance is gone through, in which is supposed to appear the Almighty, the devil, etc.

In the performance the men appear in old working clothes without regard to cleanliness or decorum. The whole ceremony is closed by bringing the lady candidate before an altar, where she takes more oaths of a terrible nature, and which also have for their penalty death. Her name is then entered upon a book which has never yet been scrutinized by any one in the outside world.

A Theatrical Clergyman.

John Carbody tells the following story: Julia Dean Hayne was a Cincinnati girl and a well known western revivalist, and the made quite a hit in private theatricals, and the manager of Holiday street theater, Baltimore, gave me an engagement for second chambermaid. Julia Dean was then rising in fame, and she came to play a stout old gentleman. Her father was with her—a stout old gentleman. "Fazio" was put up, rehearsed and the night of performance came. There was an immense crowd in front. Then—where's "Fazio"? was the question. The call boy was sent to Mr. Rynar's lodgings. There he found the "Fazio," apparently very ill. The call boy returned with the message, and a strange gentleman, a low-sized, bright-eyed, handsome man. "Mr. Rynar is sick," said the call boy, and can't go on; but this gentleman who is on his way to Washington to fill an engagement, will play the part for him." Everybody felt relieved, but nobody knew who the volunteer "Fazio" was. He went to the dressing-room, dressed in Mr. Rynar's tunic and costume of the alchemist, and was soon ready.

"Such a 'Fazio'! We forget even Julia Dean in his wonderful delivery of the text, the grace of his action, and his voice was marvelous in its sweetness, its power. He was a master of elocution. The audience, surprised, delighted, were completely carried away by the new revelation. Who is he? He declined to give the manager his name, as he said, 'until after the performance.'

"At last, amid the wildest enthusiasm of the audience, the curtain fell on the last act, and we gathered on the stage about the stranger.

"Ladies and gentlemen," the little black-haired, dark-eyed, broad-shouldered man said, in a low, quiet tone, I am obliged to Mr. Rynar for giving me this opportunity to meet those whose occupations and mine are so fearfully antagonistic. It was my suggestion to Mr. Rynar that I take his place in the part. Then turning to the manager he said: "You asked me my name."

"Yes, yes," said we all.

"My name," he said quietly, and smiling, "my name is John Newland Maffitt."

The great preacher's name silenced us. As we stood staring at him he added pleasantly: "Why should not a minister of the Gospel essay his mimic powers in reciting the text of a play written by a clergyman, and which inculcates a great moral?"

A STRANGE LIFE HISTORY.

The Death of a Modern Diana—Lucy Slater's Thrilling Adventures.

Her Career as a Huntress, a Pauper, a Minister and a Vagrant.

[New York Times.]

News of the death of Lucy Ann Lobdell Slater, known throughout the Delaware valley as the "Female Hunter of Long Eddy," has been received here, and it recalls a most singular life history. In 1851, Lucy Ann Lobdell, daughter of a lumberman living on the Delaware, near the boundary line of this county and Sullivan, was married to a raftsmen named George Slater. She was then 17 years old, and was known far and wide for her wonderful skill with the rifle, not only in target-shooting, but in hunting deer and other game, for which the valley was then noted. After a year of married life, Slater deserted his wife and a babe a few weeks old, and has never been heard from since. Mrs. Slater's parents were poor, and she left her child in their charge, laid aside the habit of her sex, donned male attire, and adopted the life of a hunter. The mountains of Delaware, Sullivan, and Ulster counties, in this State, and the Delaware river counties in Pennsylvania, were then filled with game. For eight years the unfortunate wife and mother roamed the woods of that section, making her home in the wilderness, where she erected rude cabins for her shelter. She never appeared at the settlements except to procure ammunition and needed supplies, for which she exchanged skins and game. Her wild life was one of thrilling adventure and privation, and it was not until she was broken down by the exposure and hardships of it that she returned to the haunts of civilization.

She wrote a book detailing her adventures in the woods and giving an account of her sufferings from cold, hunger, and sickness. She recorded in this book that she had killed 168 deer, 77 bears, one panther, and numerous wildcats and foxes. When she returned to Long Eddy, she, for a time, resumed the clothing of her sex, but after reciting her health she again put on male attire and disappeared. She did not return to the woods, but assuming the name of Joseph Lobdell, she went about the country making a living as a music teacher. While engaged in teaching a singing school at Bethany, Pa., where she was not known, she won the love of a young lady scholar, a member of one of the leading families of the village. The two were engaged to be married, but the sex of the teacher was accidentally discovered, and he was forced to fly from the place in the night to escape being tarred and feathered. Shortly after this she returned to Long Eddy, put on women's clothing, and being again in failing health, applied for admittance to the almshouse in this place, where her child had been placed some years before. When the child, a bright little girl, was 10 years old, it was adopted into the family of a farmer in Damascus, Pa. The mother remained in the poorhouse.

In the spring of 1868, a woman about 25 years of age applied to the poor authorities of Delaware county for admittance to the almshouse. She was in miserable health, but was apparently of more than ordinary intelligence, and to all appearance respectable. She said her name was Marie Louise Perry Wilson. She was from Massachusetts, where her parents lived. She had eloped with a man named Wilson, to whom she was married in Jersey City, but who had deserted her, leaving her destitute. She had too much pride to return home. Having heard that his husband, who was a railroad man, was in Susquehanna, she had started out to find him, but was taken sick in the cars, and not having money enough to pay her way, was put off at Lordville. No other alternative presenting, she was forced to enter the poorhouse. She was taken into the almshouse with the understanding that as soon as she was able to, she would communicate with her family, and have them remove her. She recovered her health, but in the meantime had made the acquaintance of a young man named Slater, a strong, athletic fellow, who refused to be separated, and in the spring of 1869 they left the poorhouse together, and for two years they were not heard from in Delhi. In the summer of the above year a couple calling themselves Rev. Joseph Slater Lobdell and wife appeared in the mountain villages of Monroe county, Pa. For two years they roamed about that section, living in caves and cabins in the woods, subsisting on game, berries, and on the charity of the lumbering foresters scattered about in this region. They generally appeared at the settlements leading a bear which they had tamed. The man delivered meaningless harangues on the subjects, and proclaimed himself a prophet. Finally they became public nuisances, and were arrested by the sheriff of Jackson township and lodged in the Stroudsburg jail. While they were in jail the discovery that the supposed man was a woman was made, and soon afterward the prisoners were recognized by a raftsmen from the Upper Delaware as Lucy Ann Slater and Marie Louise Perry, the paupers of Delhi. They were returned to this place. They remained here some time when they again left, and until 1876 roamed the woods of Northern Pennsylvania, leading their vagrant life and insisting that they were man and wife. In 1876 they were living in a cave in the Moosic mountains, near Waymart, Pa. Lucy Ann continued her way of male garments. She was arrested one day while preaching in the above village, and lodged in the Wayne county jail. She was kept there several weeks. Her companion finally prepared a petition to the court for the release of her husband from jail on account of "his" failing health. The document was a remarkable one, and is still in the records of the Wayne county court. It was couched in language which was a model of clear and correct English, and was powerful in its argument. It was written with a pen made from a split stick, the ink being the juice of pokeberries. Lucy Ann Lobdell was released from jail. The two went to Damascus township, and in 1877 purchased a farm, which they occupied and worked together until a few days ago, when Lucy Ann Slater, or Joseph Slater Lobdell, as she insisted on being known, died after a brief illness. She was nearly 60 years of age.

The child that was born to Lucy Ann Lobdell and George Slater was a girl. She found a good home in the family of the former, into which she was adopted and grew up to be a handsome and intelligent girl. A young man, named Kent, sought her hand in marriage, but his character was not good, and she rejected him. Shortly afterward, in August 1871, Miss Slater went from her home to a neighbor's on an errand, and when she started home it was dark and a thunder storm was coming up. As she was hurrying along the road, she was seized by three men, drugged, grossly maltreated, and taken to the Delaware river and thrown into the stream. She was washed up on an island, where she regained consciousness. She was discovered by a man who lived opposite the island, and taken to his house. She left there, supposing she could find her way home. She wandered into the woods, and although parties were out searching for her, she was not found until three days afterward. She was insane and nearly dead from hunger. She was returned home, but it was a long time before she regained her reason. Kent and two others were arrested on suspicion of being the parties guilty of the outrage, but nothing could be proved against them. Most people, however, believed that they were the criminals, and they finally disappeared from the place.

Intoxication Among French Children.

Sylvanus Urban in the Gentleman's Magazine says: "I shall, I doubt not, startle not a few of my readers when I state that during a recent visit to France I have frequently seen French children intoxicated. Strange as such an assertion may seem, I deliberately make it and stand by it. Again and again at tables d'hôte I have seen children scarcely more than babies suffering distinctly from alcohol. It is, as travelers in France know, the custom in all districts south of the Loire to supply wine gratis at two of the meals, breakfast and dinner, at which the residents in a hotel eat in company. Repeatedly, then, in the hotels in French watering places I have watched children of five years old and upward supplied by their mothers with wine enough to flush and excite them. At Sables d'Olonne one little fellow, whose age could not be more than six, drank at each of two consecutive meals three tumblers of wine slightly diluted with water. The result was on each occasion that he commenced to kiss his mother, proceeded to kiss the person on the other side of him, continued by sprawling over the table, and ended by putting his head in his mother's lap and falling to sleep. It never seemed to enter into the mind of a French child that water may be drunk at a meal. When long journeys by rail are in vogue there is always in the next basket in which the French mother carries provisions a bottle of wine or wine and water out of which those of her children who have passed the stage of absolute infancy are allowed to drink. I can indeed say with truth that in the course of a pretty long series of observations of the French, chiefly made, I admit, in public vehicles and hotels, I have rarely if ever seen a glass of cold water, unqualified with any admixture, quaffed by a native. It is now the fashion to mistrust water even when blended with wine, for which purpose the various springs of the Eau St. Galmier are largely employed."

Talking by Machinery.

A speaking machine was recently made by M. Faber. M. Garrel writes of it in the Journal de Physique that it consists essentially of three parts—a blowing arrangement, an apparatus for producing sound and an articulating apparatus. The first sends a current of air through the larynx. This latter is an iron reed the length of which can be varied within certain limits, so as to change the pitch of the sound. The articulating apparatus consists of a series of reeds which have been bettered. The articulating apparatus comprises a part for producing vowels and another for consonants. The former operates by the passage of air through apertures of various forms in diaphragms, which are successively placed in the passage of the air current by levers worked with keys; a special cavity, which can be connected with the other, produces nasal sounds; the communication is affected at will by means of a special lever. The consonants are given by pieces whose action is very similar to those of the lip, the teeth and the tongue. A special drum produces the R sound. All these pieces and organs are put in motion by 14 keys, which are ingeniously arranged so as to cause to act, with suitable intensity and in proper order, the organs meant to produce a syllable. Fourteen keys are sufficient, because with the help of a series of levers, which vary the character of consonants from strong to weak, etc. The speaking of the machine is necessarily monotonous and not perfect; certain sounds produce a better effect than others; still, in general one can comprehend the words and phrases pronounced. The machine is interesting, as showing distinctly the mechanism of phonation, which has thus been reproduced artificially, and therefore obeys absolutely the laws of acoustics.

The Star of Self Love.

(Ella.)

The first thing to aggrandize a man in his own conceit, is to conceive of himself as neglected. To undervalue him is to deprive him of the most tickling morsel within the range of self-complacency. We were to recite one-half this mystery all the world would be in love with discontent; we should wear a slight for a bracelet, and neglects and contumacies would be the only matters for courtship.

The first thing of a suspicion is grievous; but wait—out of that wound there is harm to be extracted. Your friend passed you on such a day without notice—he must have seen you. Go home and make the most of it. Shut yourself up; conjure all the kind feelings you have had for your friend; what you have been to him, and how his reputation was nearer to you than your own! Stop here, but enlarge your speculations, and take in the rest of your friends, as a spark kindles more sparks. Was there one among them who has not proved hollow and false? The little star of self-love twinkles; that is to encourage you through deeper gloom. You are not yet half sulky enough.

Think the very idea of night fled from the earth, or your breast the solitary exception of it, till you have swelled yourself into at least one hemisphere. To grow bigger every moment in your own conceit; to defy yourself at the expense of your species; to reflect with what strange injustice you have been treated in all quarters—these are the true pleasures of all quitters.

The admirers of Rev. David Macrae, who was recently ejected from the United Presbyterian Church of Scotland for heresy, have decided to organize an independent organization, with Mr. Macrae for pastor. Mr. Macrae's presence and address at the meeting give good ground for the belief that he will accept the call. About 600 persons were present many of whom are members of the late Mr. Gilliland's church, in Dundee.

THE INDIANA STATE SENTINEL.

The next presidential election will determine questions of vital importance to every citizen of the Union. It is not improbable that upon its results will depend the perpetuity of our republican form of government. It is expected that the questions involved in the momentous issue will be thoroughly discussed in the next session of Congress, which begins on the first day of December. It is the desire and purpose of the Sentinel to contribute its full share, to the end that its readers may be fully enlightened upon all these questions of such vast moment.

As in 1876, Indiana will be obliged to take a position in the front of the battle. It is not improbable that the victory or defeat of the gallant Indiana Democracy will determine the questions of vital importance to our National Government to be bequeathed an imperial despotism?

Is the bayonet to rule the ballot? Are the rights of the States expressly reserved in the constitution to yield to centralized dictation?

Shall arrogant and imperious party leaders, under the cry of liberty, rob the citizen of liberty? Shall Mammon be the only deity who shall be acknowledged as having divine rights? Shall labor be deprived of its just rewards? The merits of the Sentinel are so well known among the farmers of this State, especially those of the Democratic persuasion, that commendation of it is deemed superfluous. We will add, however, that the management has arranged and fully determined that no paper shall furnish great practical value to its patrons for the money.

In its news, its editorial, its literary and its miscellany—in a word, in its general reading it shall not be surpassed by any paper circulated in the State.

A leading feature will continue to be its very full and complete market reports. In a few words, the Sentinel will continue to be the commercial paper of the State. It will, however, be particularly adapted to the family circle. We do not believe that any reading, thinking man in the State can afford to do without the Weekly Sentinel at the small cost at which it is furnished.

"THE LAW OF THE FARM."

We have for many years been an observer of the large amount of vexatious and expensive litigation among farmers, arising mainly from a want of an adequate and proper knowledge of their respective rights, liabilities and duties toward each other and the public. A work especially designed by the author to lessen this evil and be of general interest and service to farmers, entitled "The Law of the Farm," has just been prepared by James B. McCrillis, Esq., of the Indiana bar.

Very much desiring to place the Weekly Sentinel in the hands of a number of homes, possible to that end, as an extra inducement, we have arranged for the entire edition of this work. "The Law of the Farm" we are sure will alone be worth more to any farmer than the cost of both this admirable law treatise and the best weekly paper published in the State. We will waste no space here in commending it, but respectfully refer to the opinions of others, some of whom will be recognized, and some at least to be good judges, and are worthy of your confidence. Feeling assured that there can be no better confidence, and ask that our friends confer upon us, themselves, and their neighbors, such a substantial good by soliciting and securing for the Weekly Sentinel and "The Law of the Farm" the largest possible list of subscribers.

Enlarged, edited and conducted as the Sentinel now is, together with the valuable inducements herewith presented, we ought to begin the year with a very large number of new acquaintances.

1. The "Law of the Farm" is divided into convenient chapters, embracing the following general subjects or features:—
2. How far the farm extends, or its proper boundaries.
3. What the deed of a farm includes.
4. The farmer's rights in the road.
5. As to farm fences.
6. As to straying and trespassing animals.
7. The farmer's liabilities for his animals.
8. Of dogs—the farmer's liability for and protection against.
9. Of water rights and drainage.
10. Of trespassing on the farm.
11. The rights of adjoining proprietors to fruit and other trees on and near boundary lines.

Satisfied of the merits of this work, and of the benefits which would accrue to the agricultural classes by its being sent into as many farm houses and homes as possible, as before observed, we have obtained from the author, and a copy will be sent free of charge to each new or renewing subscriber to the Weekly Sentinel.

In order that our friends may have undoubted evidence of the merits and value of this premium or present we append the subjoined statements, which speak for themselves:

STATE OF INDIANA, EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT.
INDIANAPOLIS, SEPT. 12, 1879.

Mr. James B. McCrillis—Dear Sir: I have read, with much pleasure, the "Law of the Farm," a very interesting and valuable treatise on the rights and liabilities of farmers, and one which I am sure will be of great value to every farmer. I have no doubt that it will be of great value to every farmer, and I am sure it will be of great value to every citizen of the State. I have no doubt that it will be of great value to every farmer, and I am sure it will be of great value to every citizen of the State.

Very respectfully,
J. D. WILLIAMS.

TERRE HAUTE, AUG. 30, 1879.

Hon. John C. Shreve—Dear Sir: I have examined, with some care, the pamphlet of James B. McCrillis, Esq., published by the Sentinel Company, entitled the "Law of the Farm," and I am much pleased with it. I do not know when I have seen so much good sound law put into so small a compass, and in language so plain that the non-professional can have no difficulty in understanding it. It will undoubtedly be of great benefit to the farmer as a class, while any business man could consult it with profit.

Very respectfully,
J. E. McCRILLIS.

AVONDA, IND., SEPT. 2, 1879.

My Dear Sir—I have read, with great interest and pleasure, the treatise of James B. McCrillis, Esq., entitled the "Law of the Farm." It is a most valuable and comprehensive work, and I am sure it will be of great value to every farmer. I have no doubt that it will be of great value to every farmer, and I am sure it will be of great value to every citizen of the State.

Very respectfully,
W. M. HOLMAN.

SPRINGFIELD, IND., SEPT. 8, 1879.

Having recently examined a copy of Mr. J. B. McCrillis' treatise on the "Law of the Farm," I take great pleasure in recommending it to the farmers of the country as containing a great many useful and practical principles of the law as contained in our statutes, and settled by the decisions of our superior courts. More information is gathered in a condensed form upon the subjects treated, than would be usually learned by the ordinary farmer from an attempted study of the reports and treatises. It would therefore serve a very beneficial purpose in enabling the farmer to act intelligently and correctly under the emergency of the case without the loss of time, expense and trouble of consulting counsel.

W. M. FRANKLIN.

CANBERRIE, IND., SEPT. 10, 1879.

James B. McCrillis, Esq.—Dear Sir: I have examined, with some care, the pamphlet of James B. McCrillis, Esq., published by the Sentinel Company, entitled the "Law of the Farm," and I am much pleased with it. I do not know when I have seen so much good sound law put into so small a compass, and in language so plain that the non-professional can have no difficulty in understanding it. It will undoubtedly be of great benefit to the farmer as a class, while any business man could consult it with profit.

Very respectfully,
J. E. McCRILLIS.

MARTINSVILLE, IND., AUG. 27, 1879.

John C. Shreve, Esq.—Dear Sir: I have examined, with some care, the pamphlet of James B. McCrillis, Esq., published by the Sentinel Company, entitled the "Law of the Farm," and I am much pleased with it. I do not know when I have seen so much good sound law put into so small a compass, and in language so plain that the non-professional can have no difficulty in understanding it. It will undoubtedly be of great benefit to the farmer as a class, while any business man could consult it with profit.

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Very respectfully,
W. M. HOLMAN.

SPRINGFIELD, IND., SEPT. 8, 1879.

Having recently examined a copy of Mr. J. B. McCrillis' treatise on the "Law of the Farm," I take great pleasure in recommending it to the farmers of the country as containing a great many useful and practical principles of the law as contained in our statutes, and settled by the decisions of our superior courts. More information is gathered in a condensed form upon the subjects treated, than would be usually learned by the ordinary farmer from an attempted study of the reports and treatises. It would therefore serve a very beneficial purpose in enabling the farmer to act intelligently and correctly under the emergency of the case without the loss of time, expense and trouble of consulting counsel.

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CANBERRIE, IND., SEPT. 10, 1879.

James B. McCrillis, Esq.—Dear Sir: I have examined, with some care, the pamphlet of James B. McCrillis, Esq., published by the Sentinel Company, entitled the "Law of the Farm," and I am much pleased with it. I do not know when I have seen so much good sound law put into so small a compass, and in language so plain that the non-professional can have no difficulty in understanding it. It will undoubtedly be of great benefit to the farmer as a class, while any business man could consult it with profit.

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MARTINSVILLE, IND., AUG. 27, 1879.

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INDIANAPOLIS, SEPT. 12, 1879.

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AVONDA, IND., SEPT. 2, 1879.

My Dear Sir—I have read, with great interest and pleasure, the treatise of James B. McCrillis, Esq., entitled the "Law of the Farm." It is a most valuable and comprehensive work, and I am sure it will be of great value to every farmer. I have no doubt that it will be of great value to every farmer, and I am sure it will be of great value to every citizen of the State.

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